FACE TOLD HIS STORY

Strange Career of Paul Dunkewitz.

NEMESIS PURSUED HIM

Facts About the "Haunted Sailor" Who Was Recently In Honolulu.

A MAN without a home or a country, a wanderer upon the face of the earth and upon the restless and treacherous bosom of the mysterious ocean, Paul Dunkewitz, sailor, arrived in Honolulu not long ago from a long and adventurous voyage around Cape Horn.

His is a strange and interesting story of hardship, disappointment, strange events and trials which seldom fall to the lot of any one man.

The writer was acquainted with Dunkewitz in New York city several years ago; even then the man had traveled almost all over the world, at times having all the money which he required and being able to do pretty much as he liked, and then again being in the most discouraging circumstances, without a cent to his name and with nothing which he could call his own except the shabby clothes upon his back.

At thirty years of age, or thereabouts, Dunkewitz had been cabin boy aboard an Australian bark trading in the North sea and German ocean, a newsboy in Boston, bootblack, barber, policeman and barkeeper in other Eastern American cities, a private detective in New York, and had also figured in several questionable affairs and become well known to the police under various names. Remembering his experiences as cabin boy, in order to take himself away from the surveillance of the authorities, he went to sea again and for five or six years traveled all over the world, getting money, sometimes, in some mysterious way and getting rid of it in a reckless and indifferent manner.

Then he returned to New York, much changed and somewhat haggard and disputable in appearance. He was not about thirty years old at that time. He went back to the great metropolis with plenty of money but it did not stay with him very long.

Dunkewitz would never have anything to say to anyone concerning his experiences outside of a description of the many places he had visited, the ships in which he had sailed and a few of the people he had met in his travels. Not a word would he utter as to where he procured his money.

He led a fast and reckless existence in New York until his money was almost gone, when, one day, just by the merest accident, it seemed, he happened to be instrumental in saving the life of a young woman of good family who had her home in one of the suburbs of New York.

She was naturally very grateful to him and he, falling desperately in love with the girl, endeavored to press his suit. But the young woman, while she appreciated what the man had done for her, had a loathing for the man himself and refused to listen to him.

Realizing that the woman's dislike for him was probably on account of his dissipated and disreputable appearance, Dunkewitz made up his mind that he had found someone who could make him lead a better life and determined to overcome his faults and try again for happiness.

Accordingly he absented himself from the neighborhood of the residence of the girl he loved and abstained from indulging his former vices.

After almost a year had passed and his reformed method of living had changed his appearance decidedly for the better, Dunkewitz once more sought to win the woman who had made such a deep impression on his whole being.

He found her married.

He had never dreamed of this possibility. The girl was very young when he had first met her and, after the manner of one who loves to the exclusion of all other ideas, he had vainly imagined that inasmuch as he loved her she could never belong to any other man.

Upon making this discovery Dunkewitz made up his mind that he had wasted a year of his life, the year in which he had behaved himself as a decent man. His love for the girl did not turn to hatred but he conceived a hatred for the woman's husband and, as he brooded on his imaginary wrongs he gradually came to the conclusion that the husband of the young woman had ruined his life.

This idea so preyed upon his mind that, finally, when the girl's husband went to the Klondike, Dunkewitz, to be revenged, managed to convince the young woman, with the help of others who were unconscious of their part in the plot, that her husband had met death in the North, bringing to bear what seemed to be conclusive evidence.

A bogus "Klondike Information Bureau" in Seattle, with an agency in New York, also had something to do in the matter.

The young woman, convinced of her husband's death, not having received any word from him, became seriously ill and her life was endangered. She was on the point of utter collapse when she received word from her husband that all was well and that he would soon be with her.

Paul Dunkewitz.

Dunkewitz was immediately suspected of being responsible for the falsehood concerning the death of the Klondiker and the woman's friends informed the husband of the facts in the case upon his return home.

Infuriated at the idea of Dunkewitz having almost been the cause of his wife's death, the husband started to look for his enemy.

But Dunkewitz fled. The wronged man immediately looked up Dunkewitz's record and it was not long before he had some clues as to where he had gone. Having made a fair amount of money out of his Klondike venture, he used some of it to reach Dunkewitz, if such a thing was possible.

Two years have passed since Dunkewitz fled from New York. All that time the husband of the woman who so nearly died as the result of Dunkewitz's cruel lie has been endeavoring to get trace of him.

He would learn that the man had sailed in a certain ship or had gone to a certain country but, although he telegraphed and cabled and wrote friends in different parts of the world, he has never yet been able to reach the man.

It was not very many weeks ago that Dunkewitz arrived in this port. He was sick and showed signs of the hardships and suffering which he had endured. He was in need of help. An old sailor in Honolulu, who did not know his story, took compassion on the man and secured him medical attention and gave him a litte money. The old sailor was a crimp and pretty tough character himself, but he had his good points and pity for the outcast was one of his virtues. Dunkewitz was sufficiently moved by gratitude to tell his story to the old crimp. Dunkewitz insisted that ever since he had left New York, after having done the wrong above related, his punishment had followed him wherever he went.

It seemed that every ship in which he would sign articles proved to be a hellship, he was the butt of the crews, the scapegoat, the object of the dislike of all the captains, no man would be his friend and his wickedness seemed to shine forth from his face so that those who saw him might read the secret of his life.

He had faced death many times; death would have been welcome, but it would not come. He had been tempted to kill himself but dared not forsake the suffering he knew for the great unknown, where, he feared, still greater torment of the mind might await him.

People on the Honolulu waterfront would remark on the haunted look the man always had; he excited considerable comment. But the old crimp did not forget him and after a while was instrumental in securing him a ship.

An Oriental liner was in port at the time Dunkewitz signed articles on a ship bound for the Sound in ballast. Fearing to return to the Mainland, he deserted the vessel the very day he had signed on and, as the steamship was leaving for the Orient that night, Dunkewitz stowed away on her, making some arrangement with one of the firemen, and sailed away for Japan.

This was at the time that things were pretty lively on the waterfront on account of a rivalry between certain crimps, and it will be remembered one of the crimps was knocked down one night on Kaahumanu street and very nearly beaten to death. This was the man who had befriended Dunkewitz. His rivals accused him of stealing the man from them and doing them out of certain blood-money and were the indirect cause of the old crimp being "done up."

The old crimp was forced to leave town and sailed from Honolulu as mate of a vessel going to the Sound, thence to Australia.

Those who have seen Dunkewitz will never forget him. His haunted countenance lingers in their memory like an unpleasant dream. To look upon his face was at once to fear, loathe and yet pity the man.

He was known on the waterfront as "The Haunted Sailor."

WANDERINGS OF A JAPANESE.

A Young Man Whose Career Was Shaped by a Shipwreck.

A while ago Mr. J. Heco, of Tokio, published an account of his adventures and experiences. A Stuttgart publisher discovered the interesting little volume, translated it, and has published it in Germany under the title in German of "Recollections of a Japanese." Heco's life appears to have had an unusually large element of romance, and his story is well worth telling.

In 1850, when he was thirteen years old, he went to sea on a Japanese junk bound for Yeddo. The little bark was driven by storms out into the Pacific Ocean; its rigging was completely swept away by the violence of successive gales, and finally the boat lay adrift several hundred miles from land without means of propulsion and at the mercy of the winds and currents. Thus the hapless crew drifted around for several weeks until an American bark came in sight, and the seventeen Japanese sailors, whose friends at home believed they had perished in the storms, were taken to San Francisco. This was before Japan had entered into intimate relations with other nations, and the castaways thus thrown upon a foreign shore, of which most of them had never heard, were great objects of curiosity in the young and thriving mining port of San Francisco.

In those days no American vessels plied to Japan, and the poor stranded sailors did not know whether they would ever be able to get home. Finally young Heco, who had been picking up a meager living in San Francisco for two years, had an opportunity to sail on an American warship to Hongkong, where he intended to watch his chance to secure passage for Japan.

Arriving in Hongkong he waited long for a vessel to take him home. At last it seemed to him that the opportunity would never come and so he sailed back to San Francisco. Here he worked now as a household servant and then as a sailor on coasting vessels.

One day he met a kind gentleman who was much interested in his story and became his friend and patron. He took the boy with him by the Panama route around to Baltimore, where he placed him in school. Later the gentleman returned to San Francisco to live, taking Heco with him and the boy completed his education in that town. By this time he was a fair English scholar, and had an excellent knowledge of the language.

Then he entered a commercial house in San Francisco. His brightness was appreciated and he acquired a good knowledge of the business. Every day, however, he longed to return to Japan and see whether his parents and other friends were yet alive. Fortune favored him at last and he secured the position of secretary to the captain of a United States surveying vessel that had been ordered to Asiatic waters. He did not know whether he would be able to reach the coast of Japan after all, but when he arrived at Honolulu he heard the great news that in a few months Japan was to be opened to foreign commerce. So at last he saw his native land again when twenty-one years old, eight years after he had started on what he expected to be a short journey; but it had carried him beyond all knowledge of his parents and friends.

Heco went home a naturalized American citizen, and in the following year obtained a position in the United States consulate at Yokohama. Having a capital of a few hundred dollars he soon decided to go into business in a small way as a merchant. In those early days of Japan's intercourse with foreign nations many of the people were not favorably disposed to men of their own blood who had lived abroad. Heco even came to believe that his life was in danger from the part of the population that viewed the admission of foreigners unfavorably. They chose to regard him as more objectionable than a foreigner because he had lived so long abroad, could talk English and had acquired many foreign ideas and habits. So he felt compelled at last to give up trade on his own account and took up the occupation of interpreter.

Since those days Heco has engaged in various pursuits, and on the whole has been successful, and is now a very well-to-do citizen of his native country. He has always helped in every possible way to inspire his people with faith in the advantages of western methods of development. His fortunes were long precarious because he was determined to act on lines of progress peculiar to western civilization and the Japanese were very slow, in the first few years, to embrace and assimilate such ideas. He had, for example, a sorry experience as the editor of the first Japanese newspaper in the western meaning of the word. The paper never had more than a few score native subscribers, and when it died, very young, for lack of sustenance, it had only two regular native purchasers to mourn its loss.

The fate that carried Heco to America recalls the curious records of involuntary voyages made by natives of Asia to the islands of the sea which were collected and published some years ago by Mr. Otto Sittig. Thus the Bonin Islands were discovered in 1675 by the crew of a wrecked Japanese junk. Other involuntary voyages from China and Japan to the Hawaiian Islands prove beyond doubt the early existence of Chinese and Japanese influence there and go to show the close relationship of the oceanic world to Asia. In 1832 a Japanese junk came ashore at Oahu, on which Honolulu stands. The nine sailors on the junk had been driven from their course and drifted for eleven months, but were still fairly vigorous. "Now, it is plain," said the Hawaiians, "when they saw the brown castaways, "that we came from Asia."

"One hundred two's?" said the post-office clerk.

"Yes, ma'am."

"And charge them to Mr. Newliwed, No. 411"——

"Sorry, ma'am," interrupted the clerk, "but we can't do that."

"You can't?" the young bride exclaimed indignantly. "My husband's credit is good everywhere; and, besides, we always get our letters from you!"—Philadelphia Press.